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BREAD OR BULLETS

A Story of the Bloody Strike at Virden—The Tyranny of Greed—Love and Innocence in the Toils.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMPACT UNDER THE EARTH.

Down deep into the bowels of the earth where the light of day never penetrates; where the only illumination is from the sickly flame in the miners' lamp, two men sit engaged in a low, earnest conversation. They are in one of the low, small chambers with heavy beams of timber bracing up roof of earth and stone above them. The contrast between the two is strong. One habituated in miner's garb, a cap on his head in which is stuck a burning lamp, sits on a heap of coal, while his companion, sitting on the side of the half-filled car, is attired in the neat costume of a gentleman of leisure; his soft, white hands indicating that he is by no means one of the hardy sons of toil who earns his bread with his hands.

"I don't like him, Mr. Stotham," said the miner, drawing away vigorously at his short pipe.

"You're right, Tom; I hate the very sight of the fellow, and if the strike comes, which it is sure to do, and there should be trouble, then I want you to get in your work."

The miner smoked for a few moments in silence, and said:

"This ain't a goin' to be any easy task, Mr. Stotham."

"Why not? Do you think they won't strike?"

"No; they are sure to strike; why, we can't live at the wages they are paying us."

"Do you know what Lukens will do in the event of a strike?"

"No, 'spose he'll be as stubborn as all the others."

"Yes, and he will fill your places with Alabama niggers."

"Then, thunder, there'll be trouble; we ain't a goin' t' have that!"

"They're going to do it at Pana, and they'll do it here, too."

"We boys have heard somethin' about that before, and we are determined, I tell ye, Mr. Stotham; there will be trouble when they go to importin' niggers."

"Just what I have figured. I know Lukens and know his metal. He's as stubborn as a mule and it's no use to argue with him. He swears he will fill the places with niggers if he has to hire two detectives to each nigger."

"Curse him, he'll have to hire six," growled Tom.

"Well, Tom, let's to business, and never mind what will be done. You help me in my plans, and I will see that you are rewarded. Will Virgil Miller strike?"

"He belongs to the union, sir, an' he'll have to go out with the others. Virgil's a kind of a soft 'un, an' he allers is talkin' peace an' arbitration, but when we go out he will."

"Now, Tom, serve me well and that little matter of your going down in Kansas will be forgotten, and you shall be rewarded largely."

"How much?"

"Well, six hundred."

"No, that's not enough, 'specially as I don't know what I'm to do, and as for the affair in Kansas, I ain't a carin' a cuss for that, if they want me out there let 'em come an' get me."

"Now, Tom, how much will you require?"

"A thousand."

"Can't you make it less?"

"No. Don't know what I'm to do yet. S'pose it's t' knock some one on the head, but I dun know more 'n the man in the moon——"

"Sh—Tom, not so loud; some one may be in hearing."

"Thar ain't no us in this vein. No danger o' bein' heard."

"Tom, I can't tell you just at present what will be required, for I hardly know. All you need do is to be prepared. Fight against any reduction and urge all to go out. Then the more confusion and distress that is made the better it will be for our plans."

Tom growled an answer and continued to smoke.

"Have you seen Mollie O'Niel lately?"

"Yes, saw 'er last night."

"Was she at the miners' ball?"

"Yes."

"Was Virgil Miller there?"

"Yes."

"And did he seem to be devoted to her?"

"Oh, they're goin' t' marry," the grimy miner answered, giving his companion a significant look from the corners of his eyes.

Turner Stotham ground his teeth in silence and said, in an undertone:

"I'll stake high they don't." Tom either did not hear him, or pretended not to do so. After a few moments the miner asked:

"Why don't ye tell me what ye want me t' do?"

"Because I don't know myself, Tom. So much depends on circumstances. There will be enough, however, for you to earn the thousand dollars. Did you ever hear Virgil Miller speak of Mollie O'Niel?"

"Oh, yes; sometimes the boys guy him a little, they he'll say she is the only pebble on the beach or somethin' like that."

"Did he say she was rich?"

A blow on the side of his head sent him reeling into the street.

"Naw! Everybody'd know he was lyin' if he had said it."

Something very much like a sigh of relief escaped the breast of Turner Stotham.

"Now, Tom Flynn, when the time comes, I want to know that we can depend on you? That be it much or little that may be required of you, you will faithfully perform your part."

"Yes."

Mr. Stotham then took a roll of bills from his vest pocket and handed him twenty-five dollars.

"This is but a present, Tom; just a mere taste of what your almost planted purpose."

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A QUEER BURGLAR

The Incredible Romance of a Good Young Man—A Pious Robber and His Charming Honesty.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Woodshade, as I have christened my small suburban home, is one of the prettiest residences in Shadyhurst. I have a full acre of green sward, and my cottage (nine rooms and cellar, water in every room, and especially in the cellar after a heavy rain) is situated well back on the lawn, so that I have plenty of room for flower beds, settees, and crooked cinder walks. It is, in fact an ideal suburban home, and I take a great deal of comfort in it, especially in the autumn, when there is no snow on the walks and the water pipes are unfrozen. I have a wide porch and all that sort of thing, and my wife and I often congratulate one another upon not being cooped up in a flat in the city. We always say "cooped up" when we speak of the city, as that is the common expression in Shadyhurst, and we are certainly anything but "cooped up." We are, in fact, merely scattered upon the landscape.

There is one reason why we are always in great fear of burglars. We are too far away for any reasoning to find that no one had been robbed in Shadyhurst, for there is quite a rivalry between the two settlements, and the burglaries in Meadowlea seemed to give that place an undue importance. Of course we tried to make the best of the fact that we were unburgled. We congratulated each other with seeming fervor on the fact that our suburb had not been visited by the nocturnal marauders, and pretended to condole with the dwellers in Meadowlea, but on the whole we knew it was all pretense, and that the greatest need of Shadyhurst was not better drainage, but some burglars.

Not that I wished to be personally burgled, nor that Jones wished of me to be burgled, but all around we simply longed in an impersonal way that some one would be burgled. The dignity of Shadyhurst demanded it. It seemed a silent put upon us, as if the professionals considered that Shadyhurst had no solid silver nor good watches. It almost branded us as a suburb of the spoons, steel forks, and silveroid watches.

I think that is the reason why I was greeted something like a hero when I entered the car for the city the morning after Woodshade had been entered. Though me Shadyhurst had recovered its supremacy over Meadowlea, and while I regretted the loss of all my silver, a gold watch, and a wallet containing some bills and coin, still I felt the geniality induced by being suddenly thrust into a pleasantly prominent position. The night of the burglary my wife had awakened me and declared that she was sure she heard some one below in the china closet; but as she had told me the same thing at irregular intervals for about seven weeks, I paid no attention, and I dare say, she soon fell asleep again. At any rate, she was quite ready to crow over me the next morning, and I believe that fact considerably lessened her regret over the loss of the silver. On the whole, no one seemed to waste much sorrow over the burglary; I posed as a hero, my wife took the role of a prophet and Shadyhurst in general basked in the consciousness of recovered precedence. It was a very satisfactory burglary to all parties.

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BREAD OR BULLETS.

(Continued From First Page.)

The miner took the money, and rolling it up carefully, thrust it into his vest pocket, while a look came into his eyes that added ferocity to his already somewhat grimy features, not forbidding appearance.

"Now, I am going to leave you, Tom. The day must be pretty nearly over, though in these dungeon vaults, day and night are the same."

"Reckin yer mighty nigh right, boss. I don't hardly see any difference, any way, cos I mighty near live down here."

"You must see more of daylight; mingle with the miners and get their temper and report to me."

Mr. Stotham picked up a lantern from the car and went slowly along the narrow corridor cut through the earth and stone until he came to the holet where he took his place in the empty car and was raised to the surface of the ground. Here he saw a group of silent, sullen looking workmen.

"Have I watched, I am out of that infernal hole," he remarked, blinking his eyes as he came in the light of the dwelling day, "I wonder how you men can stand it down there," he added, to a group of grimy men.

"We has get used to anything, but livin' without bread," growled one.

"Bread! Don't speak of bread!"

"We can't at the last cut. When a feller has to dig down there in the morning by night, the year round and finds himself in debt, what better is he than a slave," returned the miner.

"Is it really so bad?"

"Yes, sir! I tell ye, it's worse. People are talkin' about a return to prosperity, and all the while cuttin' down the wages of the workin' men. Is this what the politicians mean last election when they kept on to talk o' prosperity that was comin' to the workin' men. Prosperity has come to the politicians who got office, but not to us," growled the malcontent. He then stooped, picked up a piece of burned wood, and with the charred end wrote on a board:

"Bread or Bullets."

No member of the commune of Paris, no leader of the French revolution, who made fierce or sincere the cash in the hand the charred stick in the.

Turner Stotham, evil as he was, could not but shudder as he read this wild-eyed, almost frenzied miner. He even began to fear for his own safety and turned slowly away.

In the outskirts of the village of Virden, stood a plain, neat little cottage in which lived the widow O'Niel and her daughter, Mollie. Mollie was the belle of the entire country. Her father had been killed at Girard, a town a few miles south of Virden, about nine years before the opening of our story, since that time her mother had lived at Virden, supporting herself and daughter by her needle, until Mollie became old enough to accept the position of a saleslady in the general store.

That her beauty, her talent and her heart would attract the attention of lovers by the score was only natural. Though Mollie was no coquette, even the most wealthy young men in the country were willing to lay her their hands and hearts.

Her father's death had been a tragic affair. The negro miners had stopped and murdered him for the money, some three or four hundred dollars, which he carried about his person. The murderers had never been captured though all of them were known to the widow. They were known by the usual odd names given by miners, such as Dick-Yellow Dick, Jersey Jim, and Pock-Mark Pete, etc. Mrs. O'Niel had expended all her surplus earnings in having the slayers of her husband to justice. It was the one hope of her life, the one she lived for, but they had not yet been caught.

As Mr. Turner Stotham emerged from the mine and started toward the cottage of the widow, pretty Mollie O'Niel stood with her elbow on the gate, resting on the direction of the mine, evidently waiting in patience for the return of some one. A sweet smile was saddened and darkened by the strange pall that seemed to have suddenly come over the once happy town of Virden. It seemed as if the very sky was darkened when the noonday sun was shining brightest.

The people were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement over the whispered rumor that the white miners who had been so quiet, so law-abiding and peaceable were to be supplanted by the negroes who had proven so treasonable.

"I hope he will come earlier than last night," she murmured in a whisper. At that moment she saw the figure of a man coming down the road from the corner of the shaft and stockade, and thought, "It is he."

The sun had dipped so low that but one-half of the great rim shone above the horizon, and Mollie's brow up at the gate with:

"Good afternoon, Mollie; you look beautiful as ever."

A look of displeasure came over her face as she returned:

"I thank you, Mr. Stotham, I am well."

"Not only well, but beautiful——"

"You are going to town, I believe; will you take this to the post office, so it may catch the early mail," she said, handing him a neatly addressed envelope.

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure, Mollie. It is really such a pleasure to serve you that I would be willing to lay down my life for you; indeed, I would."

In the vain hope of changing the subject she asked:

"Do you think we shall have trouble at the mines?"

"Why, there seems some prospect, but you must not let that annoy you, Mollie, for I will protect you."

"Thank you, but I am fully capable of taking care of myself," she returned.

"You may think so now."

"I know it," she answered.

"Mollie, I am glad I came here and found you as I have, for I have a most wonderful revelation to make to you."

"——more him an inquiring look and he added: "I can tell you something of vast importance to you. Would you like to be rich?"

"Who would not like to have money if they could get it honestly?"

"Then I am honest and yours. I have a most wonderful revelation for you, and I alone can make it. Ah, you are interested now."

"I could not be otherwise, sir. If there was any way for me to get back the money stolen from my mother's shoulders I would like to know it. Have you stumbled on a way to give those tired fingers and that troubled heart rest? If you can, tell me, for I am in a stress moment, but do so at once."

"Mollie, it is my wish to give that immediate relief to the tired body and mind of your mother and to you. Bring the slayers of your husband to justice. I alone can do it."

"What is it, Mr. Stotham?"

"You have known me long time."

"Yes, sir; you were here as the representative of your father, and I remember you when poor father——" she hesitated and he very considerately——

"Spare me the recollection that sad affair now, Mollie. It is too painful. Suffice to say you have known me as your father and I were dear friends, your mother has known me, and I know you. As a friend I have told Mollie, when first I knew you, you were but nine years of age, even then you were a bright, attractive child. As you grew older I admired your womanly qualities and when you blossomed into womanhood as the full-blown rose, I really loved you——"

"Hush, Mr. Stotham—I must not, listen to you!" she cried in a voice that trembled with agitation.

"You must——"

"No, no."

"Child!" he gasped, hoarsely, growing so excited that he lost all his powers of reasoning, "you shall listen to me. I have to hold your destiny and your mother's. There is a fortune within my grasp, but it can only come through my hand."

"Then I will never possess it."

"Don't exasperate me."

"Let me go."

"You shall listen to me!"

"I will not; unhand me!"

"Not until you promise to be true to love me," he whispered, in his hoarse, eager manner. "You can, you shall you shall hold the key to your destiny, and let it be for weal or woe you shall be mine."

"Never, never!"

"By Heaven, girl, don't madden me! I cannot endure your scorn."

In his mad eagerness he had actually pulled her through the gate upon the sidewalk. The sun had set and the deepening shadows of twilight had begun to gather over the scene, promising that it soon veil it in sable robes of night.

So deeply had Mr. Stotham become at the stubborn refusal of the girl that he really knew not what he was doing, nor could he explain his object in pulling her into the street.

Visions of mad men, of abductions, and all the evil that had befallen heroines, flashed through her mind and she uttered a loud shriek for help.

A tall, manly form hurrying down the street, quickened his pace to a run at the first call for help and before Mr. Stotham was aware of his presence, a blow on the side of his head sent him reeling into the street, where he fell in the dust.

"Mollie, Mollie, don't be frightened!" cried the newcomer, encircling her waist with his arm. "I will kill the scoundrel!"

"No, no, Virgil; don't harm him; don't! He has rich friends, and they would bring trouble upon you!"

Meanwhile Turner Stotham, who had only been stunned by the blow, rose and crept quietly away, while Virgil Miller, the tall handsome young miner, stood trying to quiet the fears of the frightened girl.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRIKE IS ON.

Turner Stotham hurried from the village to a ravine in which stood a cabin surrounded by trees. The cabin was two miles from the village. Here were six negroes who by their dirt and coal-grimed clothes were beyond doubt miners.

A yellow negro met him at the door and said:

"Well, boss, you got it all fixed up?"

"Fixed it, you fool! Do you see that blue spot on the side of my head? Well, that's about all I've fixed up, you idiot."

"Who done dat?" asked the mulatto, while the black woolly-headed companions crowded about him.

"That infernal rascal, Virgil Miller. I want you to kill him! Do you hear, you are to kill him! Oh, you need not turn white at the very mention of it, you are accustomed to that kind of work."

"Don't belong to the union?" Steve asked.

"Yes, but what if he does? No man's life need be sacred to such as you. The oath which you took on entering the miners' union can be fought on 'good and sufficient science; you shall be well paid."

"Did you hear dat, boys, Tom?" asked another of the negroes.

"Yes."

"Am he all right?"

"I have got that all arranged," declared Stotham. "I have work with you; Tom Flynn will be superintendent, the manager of the whole affair."

"A kind of a boss, ain't he?"

"Yes, Dick, a kind of a boss; you can excite the rage of the people by parading the street. You are to be employed, and not to quit. I will see that all of you have the difference made up in your wages, so you shall lose nothing."

"You remember your promise when I gave you de job of runnin' off de white miners?"

"Certainly; and I'll make it all good when the occasion arises, so you need have no uneasiness. After gasping for breath a moment, Stotham added: "Remember, if you can instigate a riot one of you must put a bullet through Miller."

The negro bowed and answered:

"I don't think there'll be much trouble about dat. We is apt to be around tryin' to make peace and a arguin' lawful and peaceable. We'll have it all fixed, and stick him."

Turner discussed his nefarious plans with the negroes and reached a satisfactory conclusion. Turner Stotham left them, and as he walked down the grove toward the town. There was a diabolical smile on the face of the man, which was perfectly fiendish in the cabin.

They don't any of them know the value of this paper. Ha, ha, ha! I have kept my secret well and I will profit by it. I am a lucky dog."

The negroes with whom he had held the interview were the leading spirits among the miners. Turner Stotham left them. The black blood in their veins made of them most desperate men every one of them, and devil slumbering within him; if that theory is true, Turner Stotham had aroused in those black monsters was very light; for they delighted in the darkest of deeds.

Turner Stotham left the cabin, crept quietly and with the stealth of a robber down the road.

"Another large black fellow who had been listening to all that was being said, remarked:

"I jis want to told you coons dat we'd a better stayed in de mine, while dey didn't catch us.

"De danger dat, Tom. Been nine years since—no danger."

"Alabama good enough for me; wish I war dar now."

"So do I," said another.

"Now there is goin' to be a splendid chance for money, and I decided to take it while we is gain' to lose that chance."

The cupidity of the negroes quickly overcame fear, and they decided to visit the town and run some personal risk to their necks. Not that they cared for the money, who would not have done a dishonorable act, but the managers and employers possessed the confidence of all of them. When confidence is lost between employer and employes then business may be expected to suffer, and confidence between the managers and men was lost. Hate took its place.

It was no longer a question of compromise with the miners, but one of saving thousands by holding out rather than gain by a compromise.

In order to humiliate the Virden strikers it was determined to import negroes from Alabama. The negroes would be brought in and worked at a loss, but what did the managers care for that? They had started out to crush the men who had worked so faithfully for them and though they lost thousands, they could afford to do so. The rich only can enjoy the luxury of revenge, and the operators determined to satiate their appetites by humiliating and starving the strikers.

All day long the throng of idle men had been crowding the streets of Virden. They were quiet and orderly. Occasionally a group of from six to twenty could be found upon the street earnestly discussing their present condition.

Virgil Miller, who was popular, was every where urging the men to be law-abiding and do nothing that would turn the public against them.

"Well, Virgil kin talk all he pleases' bout favorin' arbitration an' law an' all that," said one of the strikers, "but the managers don't; the manager of Staunton all the way from Alabama to take our places I don't believe we'll stand."

"That's right, that's right," declared Tom Flynn, who was one of the party, as he drew vigorous whiffs at his pipe.

"What'll we do if they bring 'em?"

"By Noel, we'll run 'em off. They shan't land 'em at the mines."

The threat got out, and the owners of the mines set to work to building a stockade and covers to defend their mines from the strikes. It resembled an old-fashioned Indian fort more than a modern mine. The railroad ran near it and a switch took the train into the stockade through a large gate which was closely opened and closed for its exit and entrance.

When the miners became assured that it was the intention of the managers to bring negro miners into the strikers' place, a call for a mass meeting. There was a vast concourse of miners, among them Tom Flynn, who was the foreman of the local chapter, and Yellow Steve.

"Well, Steve, is an undertone, 'everything is workin' all right."

"Yes," declared Steve.

"The boss has done his work well."

"Bet he has."

"He's a good schemer."

"Wonder if the niggers will be brought?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of it."

"Then there will be trouble."

There were other remarks among which was an address from Virgil Miller advising moderation, the meeting passed from resolutions.

Next day there was another great excitement, when it was announced that the detectives were already on hand and in the stockade. Though some had been brought from Chicago and some from St. Louis, another class of detectives had been sworn into service as deputy sheriffs.

"It's an outrage," said Mr. Nolan, one of the strikers, "the detectable and lawabiding, yet they are preparing to watch us as if we were a lot of cutthroats and convicts."

"That is what I think," put in Smith. "The company never had any cause to be afraid of us."

"Not the least."

"We have always been fair."

"Yes, but the managers here they can't land 'em in that stockade. I don't know if that's legal, but they have the detectives."

The strikers were well organized and had a system of signals that were understood by all.

There is no closer brotherhood than the brotherhood of toil. There is no union in the world more closely cemented by sympathy. They are not only willing to fight side by side with each other, but are willing to starve themselves and families for the principles that are dear to their hearts.

The detectives in the miners were at stake, and they went on the strike for that most cause, the right to organize.

The detectives were brought to the stockade and were soon mingled in with the miners' knowledge.

Then came a hurried meeting of committees for consultation and arms were gathered and placed in secure places where they could be obtained in any emergency where they could be found.

It was the night of October 11 Mollie O'Niel was standing at the gate gazing down the street. All day long the excitement had run along the streets. When evening came the excitement was still intense. Rumors and reports of the dire distant city dailies were on hand to report the affair. They were all accepted as truth with excitement, and no one knew where the trouble would commence.

"Oh, why don't he come, why don't he come?" the unhappy girl whispered, as she scanned the dim light in eyes and ears strained hoping to see her lover.

Suddenly she was terrified as she recognized the well known form of Virgil coming toward her.

He came to the gate and a glance at his anxious face told how careworn and weary he was.

"Virgil, Virgil, how will all this end?" she asked.

"Mollie, you must keep in your house tonight, for we are going to have a terrible time."

"Why?"

"The cars are coming with the Alabama negroes, and the strikers are determined not to allow them to land."

"Oh, Virgil, I have such fearful apprehensions that something terrible will happen. The strikers are determined?"

"Yes," he answered wearily. Virgil had talked and argued to the men until his voice was almost gone.

He leaned against the fence and turned his eyes toward the great throngs of men like bees assembling for battle, and groaned:

"It would to heaven I could save the bloodshed which is sure to follow, but I can't."

Mollie essayed to speak, but her voice failed her.

She had here dreamed how the incidents of that night was to effect their future destiny.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF VIRDEN.

That was a fearful night at Virden. The threat had been made that negroes would be brought, as they had been at the Pana mines in Christian county. White employes had here been supplanted by black Alabama labor, much of which was convict labor.

The negroes with a daring and insolence

(Continued on page fifteen.)

A CRIME AGAINST HEALTH.

The Use of Alum in Food Condemned by Boards of Health.

Recent investigation shows that the stores are largely stocked with baking powders which contain alum, the injurious ingredient which the Iowa and Minnesota State Boards of Health have so strongly condemned. England, Germany and France have laws prohibiting the use of alum in bread, and the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin forbid baking powder containing alum to be put upon the market unless the words "this baking powder contains alum" are printed upon the label of every package offered for sale. This is the danger signal which the law throws out for the protection of the people. These alum powders are frequently labeled "pure," "best in the world," "none so good," or with some other equally misleading catch phrase.

Below will be found a partial list of the baking powders sold in this market that have been examined and found to contain alum:

CALUMET - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CAMEO. - - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Cameo Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CHAPMAN'S. - - -	Contain Alum.
CHICAGO YEAST. - -	Contain Alum.
	(Chapman & Smith Co., Chicago.)
CLIMAX. - - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Climax Baking Powder Co., Indianapolis.)
CROWN. - - - -	Contains Alum.
	(J. P. Dist e Co., Chicago.)
DELICATESSE. - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Delicatesse Baking Powder Co., New York.)
GRANT'S BON BON. -	Contain Alum.
HOTEL. - - - -	
K. C. - - - -	Contain Alum.
	(Jaques Mfg. Co., Chicago.)
JACK FROST. - - -	Contains Alum
	(Jack & Chapman, Chicago.)
MANHATTAN. - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Hewins Chemical Co., Kansas City.)
ROCKET. - - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Sherman Bros. & Co., Chicago.)
UNRIVALED. - - -	Contains Alum.
	(Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago.)
ECHO. - - - -	Contains Alum.
LOYAL. - - - -	Contains Alum.
PERFECT. - - -	Contains Alum.
ROYAL. - - - -	Contains Alum.

In addition to this list, all brands sold for 25 cents or less a pound and powders with which a premium is given contain alum, as higher price may be asked are sure to be made of alum.

At the World's Fair the same authorities that condemned alum powders as unfit for human food awarded the Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder the purest, strongest and best and awarded it the highest medal.

A QUEER BURGLAR.

(Continued From First Page.)

That evening when I was again in my own domicile, with the Daily Telegraph open before me, Sally, our housemaid, entered the room and said that a very respectable man wished to see me. I asked her to show him in, and she did so. He was a young fellow of about twenty-seven years, slightly taller than the average, well built, and neatly dressed. His hair was parted in the middle, and he wore a collar of the latest style—one of those stand up and turn over collars that were the proper thing at that time. His eyes were angelically blue, and his lips were full and red. When he smiled, a charming dimple showed in his cheek. The only feature that was imperfect was his chin. That was of the receating variety, and beat a very hasty retreat, if I may say so.

He entered the room rather diffidently, crushing his soft hat in his hands, and I noticed that he did not look me full in the face. Under his arm he held a package done up neatly in an old newspaper. When he had advanced as far as the table he laid the package upon it. Then he took my gold watch from his vest pocket, and my wallet from a pocket in his coat, and put them down together.

"I believe these are yours," he said, in a clear voice.

Although I was considerably surprised I asked him to be seated, which he did, and I examined the articles.

"Yes," I said, "these are mine. Are you a detective?"

"No," he said, moving uneasily in his chair, "I'm the burglar."

In my surprise I dropped my watch. It fell to the floor, and I something in it to buzz for a moment. The young man picked it up and handed it to me.

"That was too bad," he said. "The mainspring is broken. That'll cost one fifty. Now there's a two-dollar bill you get that mainspring fixed, and the other fifty will remain back door key. I'm sorry I broke getting in last night. You see," he continued, "I don't want you to be worrying by me stealing business, and if I hadn't stole your watch you wouldn't have dropped it. That's so, ain't it?"

"Yes," I said, "that is a fact."

"Well, then," he went on, "that fixes that all up, and that's all the business I've got here, so I guess I'll get off and be started away, and would no doubt have left me had I not called him back.

"Sit down," I said again, and he took the chair he had just left. I own I felt not a little interest in the young fellow, and I could see that my wife—who sat at the opposite side of the table—was also quite interested.

"I suppose," said the burglar, with a very engaging smile, "that you think I'm a queer fellow to be bringing back the stuff I stole last night, don't you?"

"Well, yes," I replied, "I do, rather. It is somewhat out of the usual run, isn't it?"

"That's what!" he said, with emphasis. "That's just what it is, and that's why I ain't like the other burglars. I always aim to bring back the stuff."

I looked at him closely, for I thought perhaps he was trying to play some trick on me, but he seemed perfectly sincere, and his clear blue eyes looked frankly into mine.

"Now, look here," I said, "I don't know what you are up to, but I wish you would tell me plainly——"

The burglar laughed.

"I see," he broke in, "you think I am a freak. Is that it?"

"I leave it to your own consideration," I replied. "Does it look reasonable that you should run the risk of being shot——"

"Oh," he said, laughing, "you wouldn't shoot me. You know very well you are too kind-hearted, and, say what you would be so scared you wouldn't be able to hit me if you did try to shoot. But I see what you want to know, and if you don't mind I'll just light this cigar and explain all about it."

As I was smoking I could not very well object to his lighting his cigar, but I asked him as a special favor not to spill any ash on the floor, as my wife is very particular about that; so he moved up a little closer to the fire, and from time to time knocked the ash into the grate with his little finger, as gracefully as I ever saw it done.

"My name," he began, "is William Feathern Briggs, and my father was a burglar by profession. He was an expert, and took a great deal of pride in his professional work. It was through an apprenticeship under him that I learned the business. I am known among the professionals as 'Bill the Parson.'

"On accounts of your clerical appearance, I suppose," I ventured.

"No," said my burglar, "not for that, but because I am really a parson."

"You don't mean to say that you are a genuine clergyman?" inquired my wife.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, "I am a regularly ordained minister of the United Universal church, and I have a parish in New Jersey. I have only recently built a new church there, on which there is still a small debt; but that has nothing to do with what I am telling you. When we are better acquainted I may ask you for a small toward lifting the mortgage; but for the present I will pass over that."

At this point my wife laid aside the sewing she had in hand, and moved into the light of the fire.

"I won't stop to tell you all about the jobs I have done in the way of breaking and entering," said the burglar, "but you will pardon me if I say none ever did better work. For five years, from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty-one, I was at it nearly every night. I cleared nine thousand dollars during the five years, over and above expenses. Now, my salary is only seven hundred a year and I board myself. It is quite a come down," and he smiled sadly.

"How did you come to leave your sinful way?" asked my wife.

"It was this way, ma'am," he replied. "When I was twenty-one I was over in Jersey, doing the suburban circuit, and I had been playing in pretty poor luck. You can imagine how low I was when I tell you I had got to doing minister's houses and local newspaper offices. It was poor business, and I was hardly making expenses, when, one night, I struck a preacher's house in Wasco. Do you know the minister at Wasco?"

I told the burglar I did not.

"Well," he said, "he is the rummiest old cove you ever struck. Seventy years, gray, wheezy, and jolly as a butcher. I entered by the bay window, and went up to his room. While I was doing the job he paused, he woke up and spotted me. And what do you suppose he did? Why, he just slid out of bed and offered prayer for me! He prayed along for about half an hour, and I got so interested I forgot where I was; and then he got back into bed, begging my pardon for doing so, but his legs were subject to rheumatism and the room was cold. Then he asked what my name and address and all that, and ended by inviting me to get into bed a few sens to stay to talk much that night."

"Weren't you surprised?" asked my wife.

"Well, I should shout," said my burglar, "but I was kind of taken by the old cove's pluck, so I just hopped into bed, and tumbled in, and in about five minutes we were both snoring. In the morning he invited me to stay to breakfast, and I stayed. Then he gave me a jolly talk, and at the end he brought me around."

"You mean he converted you?" asked my wife, who is a Methodist.

"Well, yes," said the burglar, "although we don't call it coming to Christ, exactly.

I saw my wife stiffen up, and I feared she was going to get mad, but she only contsidered him now—into a religious argument; so I asked him what happened next.

"Well," he said, "I took rooms over a grocery, retired off burglary, and started in on the straight and narrow. Every day I took dinner with the parson, and he introduced me to every one in Wasco. I got a job in a coal store, but that didn't seem to satisfy my conscience, and I ended by beginning to study for the ministry under my benefactor. And then, just as I was getting a hold on the business, I felt the old burglar feeling come on me, and it raught me heavy. I tried to fight it off and I couldn't, and I tried to pray it off and I couldn't. I just had to do a job or bust."

"What did you do?" inquired my wife, who had been listening intently to Burglar Bill's story.

I dropped my watch on the floor.

"I took my case to the old minister," said Bill, "and told him how it was. He said that it was human nature, and the most natural thing in the world, and he advised me to go ahead and do a job.

"The idea!" exclaimed my wife.

"Just so," said my burglar, "and I should have thought so myself, except that he told me to keep myself down to as few jobs as I could, and even only to rob him. It was very kind of him, and I quite appreciated it. So after that I used to go over and burglarize him about once a month, or always made very good hauls, for as a rule he kept the key of the safe where he was at work. Of course I took his stuff back the next day, and he got it, and paid him for any damages. He made me a set of rules I had to follow, such as to shut all the doors and windows, and to lock up, on account of his rheumatism, and not to break open the safe, and never to enter his daughter's room, nor to touch off the alarm clock, and to divide the missionary funds, and so on."

"How often did you enter his house?" asked my wife.

"Only about once a month," said Bill, "that was as often as the feeling would get the best of me; and when I went away to the theological seminary, I only did a job about once every two months. You see, I was gradually outgrowing the habit. You haven't ever been a burglar, have you?" he asked, turning to me.

I told him I hadn't.

"Well, then," he said, "you can't exactly understand my case. It is like giving up tobacco or opium. You have to taper off. I have not been down to once a year now, and before long I hope to get over it altogether."

"But how does it happen that you came to rob us?" I asked, rather suspiciously.

"Just this way," he said, frankly. "I don't mind telling you in the least. I mentioned the minister's daughter a while ago; well, she was a peach! I beg your pardon, I mean she was the most charming young lady I had ever met, and first thing I knew I was dead stuck on her—or, I should say, I fell in love with her. When my course in the seminary was ended I proposed and was accepted. We were married about four months ago, and as her father was getting too old for active parish work he retired in my favor and I was made minister of the church at Wasco. Of course I made my home in the rectory, and the old cove stays by us. Now, I leave it to you, ma'am," he said, turning again to my wife, "I leave it to you, can a fellow do a first-class job on his own father-in-law? That's what I want to know, can he? If he can, I am wrong, but I say he can't. I tried it, and it didn't work. So there was nothing left when the spell came on me but to go out and break and enter somebody else's house.

"I think that is very reasonable," said my wife, "but how did you come to choose us?"

"My father-in-law recommended you to me," said my burglar. "He was an old friend of your father's, and he gave me this letter to your husband in case I should be discovered.

"What is your father-in-law's name?" asked my wife.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you that," said my burglar; "but still, it can't do any harm. He is the Reverend Josiah Dalrymple."

"What!" exclaimed my wife, springing from her chair—"not Tessa Dalrymple's father?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the burglar, "Tessa is my wife."

My wife stood with one arm leaning on the mantel, and for a while she was lost in thought. Tessa Dalrymple had been one of her school chums, and she had often wondered what had become of her.

"So you are Tessa's husband!" she exclaimed. "How strange it all is! You must both of you come and stay a week with us. We have a spare room——"

"The one with the Yale lock on it?" interposed the burglar.

"Yes," said my wife, "and we shall be ever so glad to have you come."

"Well, said Bill, "we'll come. I must be going now, or I will not be able to catch the 10:30 train. But before I go I want to ask one favor. Are you going to stay over year?"

"Of course," said my wife, "we should be pleased to have you."

Just at this moment our maid announced the village officer. He entered with an air of importance, and informed us that the thief was as good as caught, that he had not left the village, and that he (the officer) had a new church and was being watched. My wife smiled knowingly at me as the officer spoke, and I admit that I could not keep from winking at the burglar. He winked in return, and then I introduced him as my friend, the Reverend William Briggs, thanked the officer for his efforts, and dismissed him. I thought it best not to mention the returned valuables, for a number of reasons.

I offered to escort my burglar to the train but he demurred, and to tell the truth I did not like the idea of putting off my cozy slippers, so we parted at my door, and I received many messages from my wife to his wife, and a promise from him for a visit in the near future.

When he had gone and my wife and I were settled in our chairs again, I thought the whole matter over, and the more I thought the more clearly I saw what a fool my burglar had made of me. The whole thing came out as clear as the masts of a vessel in a dissipating fog. In spite of my chagrin over my gullibility, I admired his inimitable effrontery. He had evidently found himself in a tight place and unable to escape, and only by restoring my property and concocting a tale could he hope to evade the watchful eyes of the denizens of Shadyhurst. I had been taken in, but so had my wife. That was not a little comfort.

She had been gazing into the fire and I felt that she had been following the same train of thought as I.

"Well," I said, at length, "we are taken in, but still it was worth it. I can make a story out of him."

"Yes," she said, "we are two good hearted fools, but he was a clever fellow, was he not?"

"Yes, indeed," I said, "he ought to be a story writer himself."

"A story writer," she said, scornfully. "Why, John, he is far too clever for that; he ought to be a suburban real estate agent."

Next morning the evening conversation with my burglar appeared a far off memory, too unreal to be anything but a dream. For reasons of my own I refrained from mentioning the return of my silver to my fellow lodgers, as I went to the city on the early train, and when they spoke of the burglary I spoke rather shortly. I imagine, I did not seem to take the same interest in the burglar as I had the previous morning.

But I did not expect to hear from Bill the Parson. I hoped I never should, and I know my wife joined me in the sentiment, but I felt sure that I should hear of him evening call I received a note which read as follows:

"Wasco, New Jersey, April 7, 1892.—My Dear Mr. Morgan: I write these few lines to inform you that I am quite well, my wife and I will spend six days with you next week, arriving on Monday night. My wife wishes to be remembered to your wife, and hopes to renew her old pleasant friend-

(Continued on page fifteen.)

Digest What You Eat

And your food will give you strength. The trouble with many people is, their food is not properly digested, it remains too long in the stomach and causes distress. It clogs them little good and they become reduced in flesh and strength. These people need Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones and strengthens the stomach, enabling it to digest food. Its cures of dyspepsia are numbered by the thousand, and these cures are constantly taking place. People in all conditions of life testify to its marvelous curative power in restoring the stomach to a healthy condition, if you or any of your friends have dyspepsia, pain in the stomach after eating, nausea, loss of appetite, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and give it a fair trial. the opportunity to accomplish a cure for you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all dealers in medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

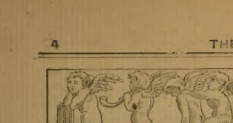
Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of your E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.

—Miss JENNIE E. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.



HER INDIAN LOVER.

A Story of the Recent Indian Uprising in Minnesota---A Mystery Solved Through Love and Loyalty.

By HENRY DALE.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the beginning of the recent uprising of the Chippewa Indians at Bear Island, Minnesota. Alice Sutherland, a beautiful young woman, and teacher in the mission school, is in love with a handsome, educated young Indian, known by the name of Indian Charlie, supposed to be the son of old Chan-ni-tow. Mr. Cain, a wealthy lumberman, and early friend of the girl's father, thinks her future beyond the one she loves the Indian. He plans to have her placed in an asylum, but she becomes aware of his intentions and flies to Bear Island, and joins her Indian lover. The soldiers arrive and a battle begins. Mr. Cain, who is leading an attacking party, shoots Indian Charlie, then old Chan-ni-tow tells Mr. Cain that he has slain his own son. The rich lumberman, having lost his wife and baby in a storm on Bear lake, twenty years before, sees a strong resemblance between the young man he has shot and the dead mother of his lost child and fears that the old Indian's words are true.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN'S RETREAT.

For a moment Judah Cain stood stunned, perplexed, trembling. The fearful words of the Indian pierced him like a knife, and he staggered and sank to the ground. His friends under the impression he had been wounded, ran to him and raised him from the earth.

"He shot! That old devil has killed him!" cried one, and he ran to old Chan-ni-tow with a cocked revolver, and leveled it at his head.

The old brave contemptuously drew himself up to his full height, and said:

"Shoot me, white man, and be a murderer! I have done you no harm; I have no weapon! No shot was fired, and the white child is unhurt save by his own conscience. He who slays his own child, who spills his own blood, is too cowardly to stand by and gaze on the cowardly act, he would lay some ambush under him and he cannot stand."

The man who had leveled the pistol to shoot the old chief, turned slowly about, and went back to where Mr. Cain sat on the ground in a daze of a way grasping:

"My God, what have I done? What did he say? What have I done?"

"You old Indian said you had killed your own child," said one of the frontiersmen at his side. "But it is not so, Mr. Cain. You have no children to have you?"

"I don't know! I don't know! There was something in his face of which I caught but a momentary glance that seemed familiar to me. I have seen that face before. Great God, yes---it was hers!"

"Whose?"

"My wife's."

"But she was drowned in the lake. Let me up---let me go to him! I must see him! I must see him!"

He sprang up wildly, but his companions clung to him, and held him fast. He was in such a delirium that they feared he would rush headlong into the conflict that was raging not five hundred yards away, where the issue seemed very doubtful.

Even the bullets were whistling over their heads, and they dreaded the lumberman down the hill where they tried to quiet him.

"Poor Cain, he must be hurt," said one to another.

"No, John, I can't find a scratch on him."

"Let's examine him and see. Take him aboard where we'll not be in danger of the infernal bullets that are whizzing about us."

They carried the lumberman to the boat, and four of them left the physical force to keep him aboard. Meanwhile the fight between the troops and Indians had shifted farther down the lake shore where Indian Charlie had fallen. When the soldiers fell back to the shore of the lake and began to fortify, Mr. Cain said:

"Let us go ashore and find him, friends. I have some fearful misgivings about the man I shot. I must find him. I promise you I will do myself no injury, and see, the Indians have left this part of the island."

After considerable persuasion he induced them to go ashore and they searched the hillside for the bodies of Indian Charlie and Alice Sutherland, but neither of them could be found. With a heavy heart, a burning conscience, and a feeling that some awful tragedy had been the result of his hasty temper, he kept saying:

"That face, that face! It is hers, I know it is hers! Oh, those eyes which I would all these years have given worlds to gaze into, I only saw in the moment of death!"

How much we can see in a single instant. A glance, a gasp, the flash of an eye may follow us to our dying day, while at other times we may gaze for hours on a face in repose and forget it in a day.

It was three o'clock before the firing ceased down by the embankment which the soldiers had thrown up.

General Bacon, learning that some lumbermen were near the shore a short distance from his camp, ordered them to come to him, as they were in continual danger where they were.

They reached the camp about four o'clock and remained on one of the boats all night. The Indians could be heard in the woods not far away all night long.

The Pillagers were armed with Remington repeating rifles, and Winchesters which they handled with remarkable skill.

Old Bog-Ah-Ma-Ge-shish, their war chief, was a man of great courage, and threw all his power into the fight. The Indians all night long seemed massing their forces around the troops, as if determined to drive them from the island.

At early dawn Mr. Cain and his party gained permission to go ashore. As is usually the case on Bear Island, the fog gathered over Leech lake so dense that one could barely see a dozen rods away.

It was decided to place the dead and wounded on one of the boats and take them to Walker. The soldiers were carrying the wounded aboard, when suddenly half a dozen rifles cracked and the bullets came hissing out the ears of the men bearing the stretchers.

"Fall in!" shouted General Baker, and the soldiers at once sprang to their lines. "Deploy skirmishers in fours!" shouted the officer in command, and under Lieutenant Morrison the skirmishers advanced on the woods which they began to beat with fury.

The fire became hot and the bugle sounded to rally on the center. Immediately there was a slackening of the troops at the center while the sharp crack-crack-crack of the Remington rifles rang over the hills.

The lumberman and his frontiersmen were placed on the right of the soldiers and began fighting from behind trees.

Indians soon emerged from the same plan.

"Judah," said an old frontiersman to Mr. Cain, "this is getting hot."

A bullet grazed the tree behind which Mr. Cain stood, passing within an inch of his head and filling his eyes with bark and dust.

"Yes, John. Do you see that Indian standing out there by the rock?"

"Yes, I can bring him down," John answered, raising his unerring rifle.

"Hold, John! Don't touch him!"

"Why?"

"I know him."

"Who is he?"

"Chan-ni-tow's---"

"The old Indian that spoke yesterday---"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Cain. "The father of Indian Charlie, whom I would not have killed for every tree and foot of timber in all Minnesota."

There stood old Chan-ni-tow, towering and defiant in full view. The bullets whistled like hail about him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. He folded his arms across his massive chest and gazed in defiance at the enemy.

All about him the warriors were dropping. A young brave fired at John, and the bullet grazed the tree behind which he was seeking shelter. John dropped on his knee and taking a deliberate aim sent a bullet whizzing to the head of the Indian, and he tumbled back in the grass.

"Press on---push them back!" shouted Lieutenant Morrison, waving his sword above his head.

From tree to tree, from cover to cover, the Indians were driven, stubbornly contesting every inch and fighting like so many demons.

Sometimes they made a rally and charged the troops with the most terrific yells, coming near enough to use their revolvers. Then the rapid discharge of firearms was like one continuous roar and bullets rained like hail. The trees were thickly peppered, the woods filled with smoke. Through this strange forms could be seen darting hither and thither and the flash of guns, like sparts of angry red, gleamed in the woods as signals of death.

The smokeless powder of the soldiers' rifles was an advantage to them, as the Indians could tell from whence the shots came.

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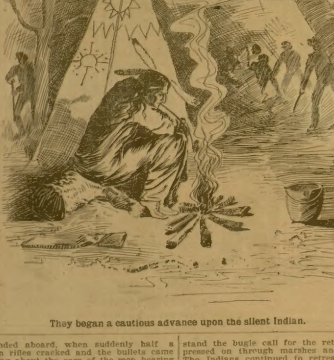

They began a cautious advance upon the silent Indian.

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Old Bog-Ah-Ma-Ge-shish, their war chief, was a man of great courage, and threw all his power into the fight. The Indians all night long seemed massing their forces around the troops, as if determined to drive them from the island.

At early dawn Mr. Cain and his party gained permission to go ashore. As is usually the case on Bear Island, the fog gathered over Leech lake so dense that one could barely see a dozen rods away.

It was decided to place the dead and wounded on one of the boats and take them to Walker. The soldiers were carrying the

wounded aboard, when suddenly half a dozen rifles cracked and the bullets came hissing out the ears of the men bearing the stretchers.

"Fall in!" shouted General Baker, and the soldiers at once sprang to their lines. "Deploy skirmishers in fours!" shouted the officer in command, and under Lieutenant Morrison the skirmishers advanced on the woods which they began to beat with fury.

The fire became hot and the bugle sounded to rally on the center. Immediately there was a slackening of the troops at the center while the sharp crack-crack-crack of the Remington rifles rang over the hills.

The lumberman and his frontiersmen were placed on the right of the soldiers and began fighting from behind trees.

Indians soon emerged from the same plan.

"Judah," said an old frontiersman to Mr. Cain, "this is getting hot."

A bullet grazed the tree behind which Mr. Cain stood, passing within an inch of his head and filling his eyes with bark and dust.

"Yes, John. Do you see that Indian standing out there by the rock?"

"Yes, I can bring him down," John answered, raising his unerring rifle.

"Hold, John! Don't touch him!"

"Why?"

"I know him."

"Who is he?"

"Chan-ni-tow's---"

"The old Indian that spoke yesterday---"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Cain. "The father of Indian Charlie, whom I would not have killed for every tree and foot of timber in all Minnesota."

NUGGET'S CHURCH.

(Continued from twelfth page.)

interest.

"No gravel," he said, under his breath; "no bed rock!" then aloud, "Did yer pap tell ye to dig here, Nug?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he salted it; he did it for luck," thought the man, and he stared mildly at the child. "It'll bring him luck, too," his thoughts went on, "it's nigh sartin to. If a man hides gold for a good purpose, for an innocent lame child like her, he's purty sure to find it somewhere else, and a sight more of it."

He got up and went down to the rocker with Nugget and Buck at his heels.

"You've got gold in the rocker here, any-how, little gal," he said. "You'd best look for it in the bank agin tomorrow."

The child gave a scream of delight, and clapped her hands above her curly head, while Buck barked and whipped the air vigorously with his tail.

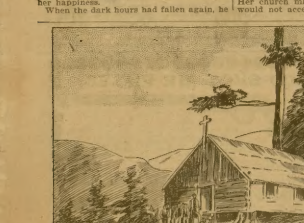
"I'm going to have a church built!" she said; "a little church, down there among the trees; and we'll have Sunday-school, and singing, and—oh, won't it be nice, Buck? You'll come, won't you, Mr.—Mr. Bill?"

The man broke into a roar of laughter, but his face fell straight at the sensitive I saw the shocked expression that came into the child's eyes.

"Yes, I'll come, little un," he said, "and bring all the rest of the boys. You jist get her built and we'll all be there. Don't forget to prospect the bank, little un! You'll strike it rich tomorrow!"

There was no need of his advice; the child's heart and mind were all upon her mine. When the father came home he entered into her joy like another child; it warmed him through and through to see her happiness.

When the dark hours had fallen again, he



They came up the path leading little Nugget between them.

with Buck once more sowed the yellow gold-seed for Nugget's harvest. It was only a few dollars he had planted for her, but his hard bunk seemed to rest him like a couch of velvet after the acts.

At midnight another sower, too, came up out of the gulch like a shadow, and dropped a few pinches of the precious seed in Nugget's mine. "For love and for luck!" he whispered, as he dropped the yellow grains.

Next day Mr. Bill, as Nugget had called him, flung his hat up out of the hole he was digging in the mountain-side and sent a shout after it which echoed far up the heights.

"For luck!" he cried. "For luck! Hide gold for good, and ye'll find it!"

He had uncovered a "pocket," for which he had been searching for weeks.

The next night two shadows came up out of the gorge and sprinkled "dust" in Nugget's mine; and again and again, as the nights came and went shadowy forms slunk to and fro in the dark bank and out again, leaving good for the innocent child to dig up on the morrow.

Thane Meadows was transfixed with wonder at the sums the child got back from the little he had buried in the bank. But at length it dawned upon him that the miners had learned his secret, and out of superstition and regard for Nugget, were "feeding" her mine.

One night he secreted himself by the spring, with a dark lantern, and watched. He saw a dark form come out of the gloom, advance, and deposit some dust in the little mine. As the form receded, Thane sprang out and flashed his lantern upon—Dack Burton.

The two men glared at each other in silence, their hands upon their revolvers, and then—for each had thought of the sleeping child—slowly drew back and parted. The golden kernel of the incident was lost, and the opportunity for peace was missed.

As for Nugget, she was in a transport of delight. "When shall we begin the little church, papa dear?" she asked again and again. Even in her dreams she babbled of it. But the father put her by, telling her that lumber was so difficult to obtain; which indeed was true, since all of it must come up out of the redwood country on the backs of mules.

One night the heavens were black far back over the Range, and the next morning the shores of Mad river were strewn with wreckage. When the torrent receded a huge pile of lumber and logs lay at the bend below the Meadows cabin.

"God has sent it!" cried Nugget. "Oh, papa Thane, now we can have the little church ready for Easter-day! Then we will have it all full of flowers, and my Testament laid on the altar, and the men'll come, and we'll sing, and read, and—won't it be nice, papa Thane?"

"What is Easter for, little darter?"

"Why, it's the day the Saviour was raised from the dead," she said. "He died three days before, and on Easter He rose up all new and beautiful again."

The man pondered, his head and sat thinking through a little silence.

"Nugget, I'm going to build it for you," he said; "some good may come of it."

Three weeks afterward Nugget's vision became a reality—a little homely shell of a building lifting a cross among the boughs of a sheltering pine. At one end stood a tiny altar of unpainted redwood, and each seat was a single plank with the support of legs; but to Nugget it was wonderful, and the builder's heart was warm with her joy.

It only lacked five days of Easter when it was finished, and Nugget began to plan to fill it. All the men of the camp, the next she made wreaths of leaves for the walls, and a fern crown and crown, starred with white flowers and edged with violets, for the altar. They were rude and unshapely things, and would fade, being made so long beforehand, but she could not wait.

Within five days of Easter a miner, half in liquor, stopped at the spring, and, after drinking, said, with a tipsy laugh:

"You're out of luck, little yaller-head, in erecting timber for your church. Your dad built it out of Dack Burton's flume, which the river ripped out of its banks the night of the storm. Dack and your dad's been having it hot up in your dad's mine this afternoon, and your dad's got the best of it, he says he won't, if he dies in his tracks. How he does hate Dack Burton!"

The child's eyes widened with horror. Her church made of stolen lumber! God would not accept such an offering.

She went into the cabin with flushed cheeks, panting with the parching eagerness of her indignation. She brought her little deer-skin sack of gold-dust from its hiding place and with Buck, started up the river. Nugget was hurrying and whimpering, but hindered by her withered foot. Buck was trotting in the path at cost his old legs to follow.

The sun was falling low when Meadows came home that night. He was hot and flushed with anger. When he had called and searched in vain about the cabin for his child; a chill of fear struck through him that whitened his face. Where had she gone? What had happened? He ran up and down the river, leaping into the red flood almost in terror. At last he found her footprints going up the river, and followed after them with throbbing heart.

He had gone but a little way when a bend brought him out of a considerable stretch of the river shore. Half a mile away he saw a spot where the stream was crossed by a large log, which served as a footpath to Dack Burton's mine.

There, upon the log above the rushing torrent, a little figure fluttered. For an instant Thane saw it in safety, and fell into the torrent below, disappearing below the bank.

Thane was stopped where he stood by the horror of the catastrophe. Nugget had fallen into the river, and would surely be lost.

Even he advanced the remaining distance he never knew. But he staggered down the bank when the log crossed the stream, he suddenly came face to face with Dack Burton.

Across his enemy's arm lay little Nugget. Her curls were straggling down and dripping, her face was pale, her clinging and her eyes were closed, but she clung to Dack Burton's neck with force which showed that her rescuer had not been too late. Behind, the old dog limped along, now and then sprinking his wet fur over the child's head.

"I was comin' down to kill ye, Thane," said Burton hoarsely, "and just then I see her trip and fall off the log, and I sprung down and lifted her out of the eddy below. Just as she was going down. She was gasping for breath, but she had the goldbag held tight on her breast. She was comin' to pay me, Thane. She was comin' to pay me for the lumber. Think one o' which kind of men we are."

The father took the child in his arms. She had fainted, but she breathed still. Burton had saved her life.

"We would have killed her, Dack. We would have killed her with our wickedness."

He turned back, carrying the child on his breast; but he staggered with excitement and concern, for Nugget had not spoken yet. Burton took the dripping burden from him, and with the father holding his arm, and dragging his feet through the dead leaves, as if they were lead, the two went slowly down the river, up the slope, and into the cabin.

The Easter sun rose golden and clear, and climbed slowly into the soft April sky. The great valley was hushed. No powder was blasting the bed rock; no rainbows of water tore up the red earth; there was no click of pick, nor sound of voices.

At ten o'clock there was a notable congregation at Nugget's little church. Whether or not the altar was made in due form, you could not tell, for the miners had completely covered it with handfuls of flowers picked that very morning; and they had garlanded every window and hung green things along the wall.

Into her church the rough men came, washed clean, holding their slouch hats awkwardly in both hands, and looking down and then behind them, as if expecting some one.

Presently from out the strong sunshine came Thane Meadows and Dack Burton, leading little Nugget between them. She was pale, and weaker than usual, but she hardly had need to walk; the strong arms of the men held her up. Both men looked very happy; and not only happy, but clear-faced and purified.

There was an awkward silence; but presently Thane Meadows rose and cleared his throat with a sound that shook the little church.

"Men," he said, "I ain't going to preach, but maybe it's as good as preaching to you to see two men like me and Dack Burton here. If I was a coward, a coward like I was a few days ago, I should be ashamed to stand here before you, knowing that you know that my child nearly met her death trying to be honored in my place.

"But I'm a changed man; I say it in humbleness and reverence to her. If I have wronged any man among you, I ask to be forgiven. If I have made light of honesty before you, I take it all back here.

"This is Easter, and it's full of joy for every one of us, especially for Dack Burton and me. I hope and believe the goodness of it, as well as the joy, is in us. Let us pray."

He knelt, and uttered a stumbling but heartfelt supplication. Then, after a little silence, a halting, disjointed prayer went up from the kneeling figure of Dack Burton and when they rose from their knees, Nugget's clear voice led the audience in a quavering, old-time hymn, sung by the brothers of men of the camp in their boyhood.

Many a tear was wiped away, and many a good resolve was taken in silence that followed into worthy conduct.—Youth's Companion.

Ingenuous.

Magistrate Pool—You are charged with stealing chickens. Do you want a lawyer?

Mose Brown-ballo, yer honah.

"Why not?"

"If it please the co't, I'd like ter keep dem chickens myself, after habin' all de trubble er gittin' 'em."

Opium is obtained from unripe fruit of the white poppy.

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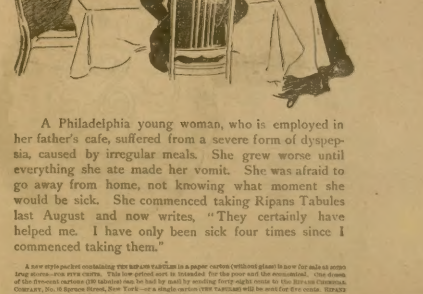

A Philadelphia young woman, who is employed in her father's cafe, suffered from a severe form of dyspepsia, caused by irregular meals. She grew worse until everything she ate made her vomit. She was afraid to go away from home, not knowing what moment she would be sick. She commenced taking Ripans Tabules last August and now writes, "They certainly have helped me. I have only been sick four times since I commenced taking them."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (SIXTY TABULES) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of grocers, general storekeepers and druggists.

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"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPOLIO 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

HOME AND HEALTH.

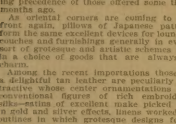
NOVELTIES IN PILLOWS.

BY MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

To there any season of the four when pillows do not hold their own? The rakes overflows with beautiful affairs in every known possible style, the newer ones taking precedence of those offered some three months ago.

As oriental corners are coming to the front again, pillows of Japanese pattern form the same excellent devices for lounges, couches and furnishings generally in every sort of grotesque and artistic scheme and in a choice of goods that are always a charm.

Among the recent importations those in a delightful tan leather are peculiarly attractive whose center ornamentations are conventional figures of rich embroidery silks—satins of excellent make picked out in gold and silver effects, linens worked in outlines in which grotesque designs form the all over plan, pretty devices of every



kind which can be grouped for the lounge and window sill and get match prevailing schemes.

The news comes to us from Paris that the spatter work is being revived and that this artistic treatment will be made a feature for pillows during the coming season.

Spatter work is done in various designs of leaf effects by the aid of a fine tooth comb and india ink, the natural leaf of any tree, bush or plant acting as a pattern for the cloth beneath. To make a pretty spatter work pillow satin, silk or a thin material to be used, either in pure white or in a delicate solid tint. Leaves of single form, either grouped as a border or center decorations, can be made perfect beauty schemes when well spattered, and then daintily made up. These treillice devices can be given to blotting cloth or in a thin swiss of very quality, but in any case where the material is sheer, they should be lined with a color either in old rose, delicate blue or yellow, making for this decoration a brilliant showing.

Saints in cream tints are always available for cushions and popular at all seasons, particularly those embroidered with roses in long sprays or thick bunches, as American Beauty taking precedence of all the rest.

New pillows constantly make their appearance. The one new in favor is the Florentine—a beautiful and artistic combination of odd figures in every color, harmoniously blended. The background, a heavy white satin, is filled with queer, quaint shapes, closely embroidered together. It is finished with a broad satin ruffle of wide ribbon, each edge daintily trimmed with the narrowest of gilt braids.

In linens the variety is endless, the tint just of the cream being the tone preferred. Many are embroidered in square in which tiny blossoms are the decorative plan. In the center of each of the squares is a single blossom, violet, pansy or wild rose, in all its natural colors. The same effect can be given in silks of good quality or satins of whatever tint preferred, the long leaf chrysanthemum making also for pillows a wonderful spread of complementary tones.

In coarser materials, such as butcher's linen, the design is on bolder lines, conventional figures in which curves, scrolls, disks and big dots form the scheme. In darker shades of brown effects the Bulgarian work this season is greatly in favor, the pattern lying mostly as an edge worked in roman floss, each scallop deep in treatment and broadly defined, with corners in strong conventional lines, forming for the whole an oriental effect.

As a charm in summer pillows the denim are a foundation cannot be excelled. These pretty cotton affairs are in materials of every tint, suitable for any room and decorated in many ways to suit prevailing schemes. One very pretty cushion is in rather a light shade of blue in an ornamentation of flower-de-luce and flowing lines of rich, dark red, the outlines edged by a blue satin ribbon ruffle four inches wide and the outer softage neatly trimmed with a silk cord.

For couch covers, with pillows, this same denim can be made a delightful scheme, particularly for rooms in blue. For a group of three the pillows should be more than ordinary size. The center scheme is a scroll design which can be either in white or warm color work of strong effects and afterward outlined by a rope silk or heavy darning cotton, as preferred. This same treatment will prove available for a couch cover edged by a homemade macrame fringe, the whole being excellent duty for this plan in blue. Curtains, draperies and table covers can be treated in the same way with success.

Plaid cambrics for pillows seem to be as popular as ever, blues and yellows taking precedence. They are usually in the imitations being in the different stitches of embroidery, given according to fancy. For all cushions of this kind the ruffle is generally the finish. Their one great merit is that they can be readily laundered and present a dainty appearance.

As a pillow-ge, the college is never out of fashion. Plain materials in cotton goods are the usual ones for this plan. Colored linens in yellow, blue and red are available for college colors, in decorations of the usual order, well enhanced in silk flosses or picked out in ribbon embroideries. Of course the name of institution can be given to pillows made of india, good qualities of satin in tones of solid colors, but the stout linen meets all the demands for these popular conveniences and as a lasting souvenir is the best.

There are varieties in which lace, ribbons and artificial flowers make the set in a perishable addition. But there are also linens which are daintily and vastly embroidered in white silks all ready for the shopper at the most reasonable of prices.

The Care of Plants.

To rid carnations or other plants of aphis or plant lice, there is no better way than to wrap a cloth or paper around the base of the plant and over the top of the pot, so the earth will not fall out, and invert the pot and dip the whole top in water as hot as one can bear one's hand in. Let the plant stay in two seconds, lift and air a minute, then repeat two or three times.

It will not injure the plant, but will destroy the lice.

As the young lice are so very small, almost invisible to the naked eye, two or even three, washings may be necessary to get rid of them.

They are not at all difficult to kill, only they won't stay killed, and they are particularly fond of certain roses. Ammonia—teaspoonful to a quart of water—is good. But I like the hot water bath best, and if you will tack up a big card over your plants bearing the words, "Spiritual vigilance is the price of success," lice will hunt lice a few minutes every day or two you will keep the pets free from the little pests.

To kill mealy bugs, alcohol applied with a feather will kill insects and eggs. The plants should be rinsed afterward with clean water. Several applications are sometimes required to clean a badly infested plant. The brown spots on the back of fern leaves are the seeds or spores. Spots like wood mold mixed with some sand and good loam for soil with good drainage of broken crockery and bits of charcoal, and partial shade, although the sword fern can stand a little of the morning sun. But a somewhat shaded, cool situation suits most kinds better. Frequent, gentle showers also helps them.

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To Cure Round Shoulders.

The very best and most nourishing food must be taken, as weakness of constitution or health is one of the first causes of round shoulders. You should take a strong tonic and quinine tonic, and if it is cold weather when you begin the cure take cod-liver oil as well. If this is apt to disagree take cream instead. You must keep regular hours as to meals and sleep and have plenty of outdoor exercise, only without undue exertion. Walking is about the best exercise to take, though riding a bicycle may be indulged in when you are getting better.

You must be careful to sleep on a hard mattress; never on a feather bed; and you must also take care that your pillows are not raised too much, as this is apt to throw the head forward and add to the rounded shoulders, instead of making them any better. You must be very careful always to walk very straight and never lounge along the road. The way to do this is to hold the shoulders well back, the chin well in the air, to look straight forward on a level with your eyes, and never droop the head and go through life looking for possible pins on the ground.

On no account must you stoop over your work or reading, as this is very bad, indeed. If you are sewing you must sit in a very low chair and one that has a straight back to lean against. If by any chance you have to sit on a high chair to do your work you must see that you have a footrest. In writing you should either sit at a table which is of the proper height, or you should always use a raised desk; and in reading never hold the book on your knee, but hold it up and lean back or sit upright while reading.

You should very often hold your hands behind your back and walk this way up and down a room or out of doors for ten minutes at a time, when you have nothing better to do. You must also lie flat on a backboard or on the floor for several hours a day. You should always practice walking up and down the room with a book balanced on your head. This will make you hold your head straight and help to cure the ugliness of your round shoulders.

It will take a small fortune days and five hours to travel a mile.

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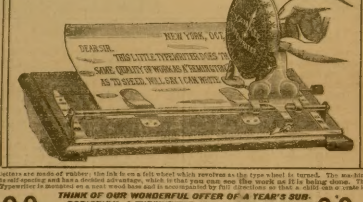

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BREAD OR BULLETS.

(Continued from page two.)

that was unbearable paraded the streets with arms, and awed and intimidated the inhabitants.

White ladies had been pushed off the sidewalks into the mud by great strapping blacks whose breath reeked with fumes of whisky. Insults beyond endurance became the order of the day at Pana, and the people began to fear similar results at Virden.

There was a whisper on the shuddering air that the blacks were coming and that they must repel them or lose the strike. To lose the strike was to lose their liberty.

"Bread or Bullets!" had been written a hundred times that day and men were arming for the fray.

Night fell over the town like some threatening pall and the people moved silently about. The guards were in the stockades and towers, everyone knew, for occasionally the head of one could be seen silhouetted against the dark sky, or the dim, uncertain light flashed on the polished barrel of a Winchester. Women went aimlessly through the streets wringing their hands in a wild agony of despair.

One unfortunate woman searching for her husband found him with the others, a gun in his hand.

"Oh, Sam, Sam, come home to the baby and me. Don't stay out tonight!"

"Katy," he whispered, pressing her a moment to his side, "Bread or bullets is our motto. Better die by the hands of these black murderers than starve. For we they that perish by the sword are better than they who perish by starvation."

"Oh, will you come home for Willie's and my sake?"

"No, Katy, I must stay for yours and Willie's sake."

Sam was an intelligent, honest miner. He had struggled hard against this awful decree of fate, but it had come upon him, and now he was resolved to die like a hero.

Were these men outlaws? Were the Swiss patriots? Were our Revolutionary fathers who threw overboard outlaws? These had suffered wrongs and fought for freedom, while the miners fought for bread to feed their starving wives and children.

With that bond of sympathy united the sons of toil too strong for even the combined wealth of the world to break, they had resolved to die. The signers of the Declaration of Independence knew they affixed their names to that document with halters about their necks, so did the Virden strikers oppose the encroachment upon their rights.

There was one busy all the night long in his effort to stay the awful tragedy that he knew must follow.

Virgil Miller met Ed Greene who with rifle in his hand was hurrying forward to take his place in the ranks with his brother.

"Ed, can't this be prevented?" he asked.

"No, no," Ed answered.

"You know not how near you may be to eternity."

"I am on the brink, I know it, I feel it. Tomorrow will witness my funeral, but I have made up my mind to die rather than submit to slavery."

"Oh, if the negroes would not come," moaned Virgil.

But they were coming. One of the trainmen, in full sympathy with his brother laborers had sent a telegram to the miners that the negroes were coming.

Ten o'clock came and a dread hush seemed to pervade the entire town. Eleven, and the excitement grew intense, though all was silent and dark. Twelve and the hush was stifling, though men could be seen lining the track or massing near the stockaded mine.

At twelve-thirty there was heard in the distance a low, rumbling which deepened and the thunder broke on the still night air.

"She is coming!" The whisper ran aloud the lines uttered by white lips and the hush was more intense than ever. Men were crouching in the quarry, but at a word of command from their leaders they fell back to their places.

"Look out!"

"Be ready!"

"Steady! Steady all!"

It was useless for Virgil to do more. He could not stay by Ed and his companions and brothers in toil die. On came the engine at good speed but it seemed to trouble and reel from side to side, the great blazing eye of the monster in front shone as death signals. On, on, and on, like some monster meteor. The train was dark and windows all down, save where a gleaming rifle barrel protruded.

Suddenly half a dozen shots rang out in the air, from the sentries about the shaft, as a signal from the miners fighting at the stockade. Immediately from the windows and platforms of the cars came the sharp crack, crack, and the detonation of rifles rang out upon the air.

"On, on!" came now or never" shouted the well known voice of Ed Greene. "Die in your broken brothers, before a single black shall enter the mines!"

Bread or Bullets!" shouted Ellis Smith, who stood at Ed Greene's side. The hero rushed forward with the others.

The sharp crack of rifles and deeper, heavier detonation of shotguns swelled and reverberated on the night.

"Let us out, let us out!" cried the unfortunate negroes brought as "scabs" to fight.

"Back, back you black hounds!" roared the guards stationed at the doors of the cars.

"Don't let them out!" cried the detective in command.

They had been employed by the manager to bring the negroes to the mines, and as visions of the regal past dawned on their minds, they fought like demons.

The negroes were driven back, and clubbed with the butts of the detectives' muskets.

"Lie down! Lie down flat in the cars!" roared the detectives.

All the while valley after valley was poured into the cars, the bullets whistling like hail, the shattering and splintering the woodwork.

"Yes, I will make you lie down!" cried Ed Greene, leveling his rifle at one of the detectives.

"Crack!" went the gun and the man plunged from the platform to the earth dead.

The fight raged more fiercely now than ever. The detectives were on the platforms and at the windows, so far had suffered most.

"Watch for the flash at the windows and pour it into them!" cried Ed Greene, the line of the fight. The engine had made some terrible machine of death.

"Black slaves! Dogs! Come back, or you shall die!" roared one of the guards, who, having emptied his Winchester, was discharging a revolver with each hand. He was in a perfect stream of fire and leaden hail.

A bullet struck him in the shoulder, another in the head and he fell, too, from the car to the ground.

The men in the towers and stockade in the meanwhile had begun to fire but their shots mostly went wild. The engineer on the locomotive was struck by a stray bullet, and dropped at his post. The train had slowed up and stopped, but under such a pitiless rain of blessing lead it was folly to remain long in their present position.

"Into the stockade! Unload the niggers!" roared the detective in charge.

"It is impossible!" cried one of his assistants, bleeding from a wound in the hand.

"It is impossible! Are we but a pack of infernal cowards! Drive them back, and into the stockade!"

"Drive them back yourself if you think it can be done!" roared one of the men, who had fired a dozen shots without bringing down a single man.

The fight was at the hottest, when the fireman, realizing the dangerous folly of attempting to run the train into the stockade, seized the wounded engineer, placed him on the cushioned seat in the cab and said:

"Be patient, and we will get out of this."

"Pull the throttle!" cried the engineer, faintly.

The detectives were now convinced of the uselessness of their attempt. Never had labor evinced such determination before.

The fireman jerked the throttle and the loud puff and rolling of wheels announced that the train was moving.

"On on, 6—6 you! Take that, and that, for a parting gift!" yelled the wildly excited miners, and the shots continued to crash into the cars as the train thundered over the hill. In that supreme moment half a dozen guns were trained on Virgil Miller.

They were fired as one, and our hero fell.

(To be continued next week.)

A QUEER BURGLAR.

(Continued from page three.)

ship. If time is not convenient please address me here. Most sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM FEATHERTON BRIGGS."

That was about a year ago, and we all enjoyed their visit immensely. His wife is a very sweet little woman, and knows nothing at all of his periodical attacks of burglar's itch.

Today I received a few lines from him informing me that the spell was on him, and my wife has locked herself into the spare room, with her ears stuffed with cotton. I have brought up a bottle of my best wine and some cakes, and have placed them on the table, where his reverence cannot fail to see them in case he is in a mood for trying them.

He is a jolly good fellow, in spite of his spells, and when he brings back my spoons tomorrow we will tap another bottle, for the Reverend William Featherton Briggs is not a prohibitionist by a long shot.—Nunsey's Magazine.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Carving the Turkey.

Something more than a sharp knife and a tender turkey is necessary to be master of the situation, when a turkey is placed before you. The adept carver has the art

of separating the joints of the bird down to such an exact science that in one minute they can cut the most gigantic turkey into pieces each a good size for a plate.

Plant the fork into the turkey's breast, and cut off the left wing. This is done with a downward swing that catches the joint. The fork meanwhile, with a prong on each

side of the breastbone, is held stiff and firm in the left hand.

Now press the blade of the knife downward, and remove the leg and second joint. As these fall upon the dish they must be lifted to a small platter to be out of the carver's way. There should always be a warm plater near the carver.

The third move of the carver is to slice off the breast, removing in thin layers parallel to the breast bone. This makes a slice of very good grain, better than if it were cut crosswise.

The fourth stroke is upward from the pope's nose so as to catch the "oyster bone" on the side. This reveals the stuffing, which can be sliced off.

The wishbone is next removed. This is done by slipping the knife under the point

of the bone, after the breast is sliced off, and sweeping it downward toward the neck. A very nice portion of the meat comes with it. Follow these directions and carving a fowl will not be difficult.

Canned Provisions.

Canned provisions should be turned out as soon as possible and, if kept, put in an earthenware dish and covered over with a plate, always, however, turned out of the original tin. It is highly desirable to strain off and throw away the liquor from tinned salmon, peas, lobsters, oysters, etc. Tomato juice can be kept without fear of poison. Before using canned lobsters or shrimps it is a good plan to well rinse them in cold water. Never have any mixture made up in the tin, even if used at once. The various packing companies are very careful to have their goods put up as fresh as possible, but unless salted or corned they cannot possibly turn out and keep as long as freshly cooked goods will.

Household Hints.

This people should eat slowly.

Cocoa is the vegetable product which in its composition most resembles milk.

In re-papering rooms insist upon the old paper being entirely removed before the new is put on.

In furnishing bedrooms remember that some one may be ill in them. Avoid all over-elaborate fittings and have no eccentric pattern of paper.

The quantity of material required for a man's shirt varies from three to three and one-half yards of long cloth. A fifteen front will take an additional half yard of linen and cuffs one-quarter of a yard or more. A boy's shirt can be cut out of two and one-half yards of material.

Spiced apples are both appetising and timely now that the housekeeping items of relishes is running low. Make a syrup of equal parts of sugar and cider vinegar, adding a few whole cloves and a few pieces of stick cinnamon. When scalding, put in firm, tart apples by the half and quarter, and cook gently until tender, but not broken. Remove with a perforated skimmer, syrup until it thickens and pour over the apples.

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Sadie—They're awfully afraid of smallpox in society, I guess.

Tommie—What makes you think so?

Sadie—Well, mamma let me go with her to a party the other night, and every lady there had to be dressed so as to show her vaccination-mark.

Gems of Thought.

A generation is fifteen years.

Example has more influence than authority.

Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal.

The average length of life is thirty-one years.

One person dies at each pulsation of the heart.

Artificial eyes for horses are a recent invention.

Love those who advise, but not those who praise you.

Ounce hats of soft gray felt are the thing for summer.

The surest remedy against scandal is to live it down.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

It is safest for a man to judge favorably of his fellow creatures.

There are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages.

The tongue is a little thing, but it fills the universe with trouble.

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I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from practice, I will for a short time send free to the sufferers from this loathsome, offensive and disgusting disease. This is a sincere offer which anyone suffering from Catarrh should accept. **DR. J. A. Lawrence, 164 West 52d St., New York.**

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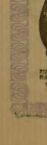

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Badinage and Bracers.

Motions in Shaving.

Now, that you've finished shaving me, how many strokes of the razor did it require?" asked the man in the chair, as he straightened up to have his hair combed.

"That's pretty hard to tell," said the barber.

"Of course it is. But you've been in the business how long?"

"Fifteen years."

"You ought to know by this time about how many strokes of the razor it requires to shave a man, supposing that you go over his face a second time."

"I might make a guess at it."

"All right. What's your guess? Remember that I have a hard beard."

"Well, I should say about 125."

"You're a good guesser, I don't think. Some time ago I got into the habit of counting the strokes of a razor every time I was being shaved. It's a good way to employ your mind. In shaving me you just made 732 strokes with the razor."

"I wouldn't have believed it."

"No man believes it until he takes the trouble to count. In my case I never know the number to fall below 700, and it has gone more than 900 at times. I call it a stroke every time the razor is brought forward and then drawn back. I should judge that there are not fewer than 500 strokes in a first-class shave. You remember that, and probably you can with a few bets."

Hearing and Thinking.

Professor Richet says it takes a man about one-eleventh of a second to think out each note of a musical scale. He explains the practice that people will often follow of bending their heads in order to catch each minute sound by the fact that the smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both.

Thus the separateness of the click of a revolving toothed wheel were noted by one observer when they did not exceed sixty to the second, but using both ears he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than fifteen times a second.

Among the various ways in which Professor Richet tried to arrive at conclusions to the amount of time necessary for realizing any physical sensations or mental impressions was the touching of the skin repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer.

The fact that the blows are separate and not continuous pressure can be distinguished when they follow one another as frequently as 1,000 a second. The sharp sound of the electric spark from an induction coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as 30 to the second. The sight is much less keen.

When revolved at a speed no faster than twenty-four times a second a disk half white and half black will appear gray. We see here more rapidly than we can count. If a clock-clicking movement runs quicker than ten to the second we can count four clicks, while with twenty to the second we can count only two of them.

"Do you mean to say you've been married ten years and never had a quarrel with your wife?"

"That is true, madam."

"And you always let her have the last word?"

"Sure. I wouldn't for the world do anything to lessen my little wife's love for me. She might get careless."

"Careless?"

"Yes, we are joggers by profession, and at two performances a day I stand against a board while she throws the knives."

Opinions of a Pessimist.

A word of approval from the canny tickles a man more than all the nice things his friends can say. The enemy's word of approval is generally uttered for a purpose.

The writer who scatters foreign phrases through his English generally gets them out of the dictionary.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but all this will be changed just as soon as the golden harps and white wing crusts are completed.

No queen ever subscribed to the theory that the king can do no wrong.

The man who goes one another's bond doesn't borrow trouble. He pays a good stiff price for it.

A Problem.

Jasper—Hello, old man; what are you looking so worried about?

Jumpuppe—I am trying to find a flat that will not be too big for my purse and yet be big enough for my family.

Quiet "Tip."

It is wisdom in Kansas to stand in with the sheriff. He destroys the beer when joints are raided. If you stand in you may be assigned a case or a keg to take out and destroy and return the "empties."

Cyrano's Nose.

What is the latest thing that's out—
The thing that folks all talk about?
It is, without the slightest doubt,
Cyrano's nose.

We used to talk of guns and gore;
Those subjects are supreme no more
Today the folks are gushing o'er
Cyrano's nose.

Brave Dewey, Shafter, Miles, and Schley
Are among the smaller fry—
The folks have ceased to laud them—why?
Cyrano's nose.

Case of Good Riddance.

"He married you and deserted you," said the lawyer, "and yet you are unwilling to prosecute him. Has he married again?"

"Well," said the tired-looking woman, "I used to hold a grudge against him for marryin' me, but his lovin' wiped that out. Let the other woman prosecute him. She has the wust of it."

Suggestive.

The Judge—Mulcay, there's something really intoxicating about the young woman over there.

The Major—That's so. Must be the cork-screw curls.

I CURE FITS

When I say a cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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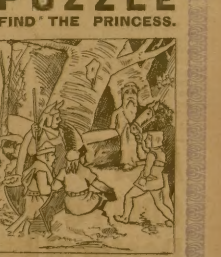
PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.



The above picture shows seven men and boys in the woods on the way for the princess. She is but in the town. She is the largest female in the picture. Here's the catch: Of the seven men and boys in the picture only one can find the princess. Can you be the one? Send your answer at once, and if you are the one you will receive a present worth from $5 to $10. We pay for a three months' trial at a bargain, in fact, we will give you the present for the trial. Don't send any money, but state whether you are a man or boy, and if a man, your business, and if a boy, your age. We are going to distribute a grand number of these presents in order to introduce our goods